Li. Now pritty one, how long haue you beene at this trade?

Mar. What trade Sir?

Li. Why, I cannot name but I ſhall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, pleaſe you to name it.

Li. How long haue you bene of this profeſſion?

Mar. Ere ſince I can remember.

Li. Did you go too't ſo young, were you a gameſter at fiue, or at ſeauen?

Mar. Earlier too ſir, if now I be one.

Li. Why the houſe you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of ſale.

Mar. Doe you know this houſe to be a place of ſuch reſort, and will come into it? I heare ſay you are of honourable parts, and the Gouernor of this place.

Li. Why, hath your Principall made knowne vnto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principall?

Li. Why your hearbe woman, ſhe that ſets ſeeds and rootes of ſhame and iniquity. O you haue heard ſome-thing of my power, and ſo ſtand aloft for more ſerious wooing, but I proteſt to thee, pretty one, my authority ſhall not ſee thee, or elſe look friendly vpon thee; come bring me to ſome priuate place, come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, ſhew it now, if put vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you worthy of it.

Li. How's this? how's this? ſome more, be ſage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though moſt vngentle Fortune haue plac'd mee in this Stie, where ſince I came, diſeaſes haue bene ſolde deerer then Phyſicke, O that the gods would ſet me free from this vnhallowd place, though they did change me to the meaneſt bird that flies i'th purer aire.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldſt haue ſpoke ſo well, I nere dreampt thou couldſt; had I brought hither a corrupted mind, thy ſpeech had altered it, hold, heere's gold for thee, perſeuer in that cleare way thou goeſt, and the gods ſtrengthen thee.

Mar.

Mar. The good Gods preſer

Li. For my part, I came with doores and windowes ſauour v peece of vertue, and I doubt no ble, hold, heere's more gold for like a theefe, that robs thee of th from me, it ſhall be for thy goo

Boult. I beſeech your honour,

Li. Auant thou damned doo this virgin that doth prop it, you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we muſt ta your peeuiſh chaſtity, which i cheapeſt Country vnder the coa hold, let me be gelded like a ſpa

Mar. Whither would you ha

Boult. I muſt haue your mayd mon hangman ſhall execute it, more gentlemen driuen away, c

Enter Bauds.

Baud. How now, what's the m

Boult. Worſe and worſe Miſtr words to the Lord *Lyſimachus*.

Baud. O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profeſſio face of the Gods.

Baud. Marry hang her vp for

Boult. The Nobleman would bleman, and ſhe ſent him away his prayers too.

Baud. Boult take her away, vſ glaſſe of her virginity, & make t

Boult. And if ſhe were a thor is, ſhe ſhall be ploughed.

Mar. Harke, harke, you Gods

Baud. She coniures, away with

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